

gratis. A Copy of Verses Humbly Presented to

All my Honoured MASTERS & MISTRESSES in *Holborn-End-Division*
in the Parish of *St. Giles's* in the Fields.

By **Thomas Bamber, Bellman.**

27. Dec. 1690. The PROLOGUE.

Since 'tis the Bell-mans Custom every where,
To bring his Masters Verses each New year;
I keep it on, to let you know the due
Respect and Service that I owe to you;

For 'tis my daily happiness to see
My Masters pleas'd, and satisfied in me;
Which makes me hope their Gifts will so abound,
That I may for them pray the whole year round.

On St. Thomas's Day.

W^Hat tho St. Thomas was possess'd at first
With unbelief; then into Tears he burst
And cri'd, Lord pardon this my dreadful sin
For now your Wounds I have both felt and seen:
Then happy they that by the holy Word,
In Faith believe our Saviour and our Lord.

On Christmas Day.

A^Wake, awake, behold the happy Morn,
A Blessed Saviour for poor Sinners Born:
Oh what a mercy 'twas the Son of God,
Should come to save us from the angry Rod
That Adam had prepared by his fall,
Whose bitter Stings we must have tasted all,
Had not our Saviour in his mercy shewn,
His Grace to us poor Wretches every one.

On St. Stephen's Day.

S^T. Stephen by the Jews was ston'd to death,
Any for Christ's sake gave up this Earthly Breath.
Oh! great's the gain, when Man his Life lays down,
And in Exchange receives a Heav'nly Crown;
Who then would not with Stephen chuse to die?
And after that to live Eternally.

On St. John's Day.

T^HE Scripture tells us how that Christ did love
St. John, who was as harmless as a Dove;
Who lean'd his Head upon our Saviours Breast;
Oh! then was John at full and perfect rest:
What Happiness 'twould be could we but find,
Such Peace, such Comfort, to our troubled Mind;
And that we all may with this Saint appear,
God grant we love our Saviour full as dear.

On Innocents Day.

T^HE Holy Innocents come next to hand,
For none could Herod's Cruelty withstand,
He spared not his Son, such was his Will,
Thinking thereby the Son of God to kill:
God's Angel came his Will for to prevent,
He Joseph, Mary, and the Child to Egypt sent:
The Prophets Words were all fulfill'd and done,
For out of Egypt have I call'd my Son;
Who from Egyptian Bondage set us free;
This is the Son of God, this is he.

On New-Years Day.

T^Hrice happy is that Man that now begins
The Year, with true Repentance for his Sins,



He may expect before the Year goes round,
By penitence, much comfort may be found:
The mournful Soul shall surely pay find,
To those who grieve for sin, the Lord is kind.

On King William's Birth day, Nov. 4th.

A^S on this Day Europe for to adorn,
Was in this World a Princely Orange Born;
A scourge to France, a Plague to Popery,
And from Rome's Bondage he hath set us free:
Great WILLIAM our King, and Faith's Defender;
God grant him many days to live in Splendor;
Great Britain's Scepter Uprightly to sway;
This is our King's Birth, and his Wedding day;
Therefore make Bon-fires, set the Bells to ring,
Whilst we rejoice and say God save the King.

On Queen Mary's Birth-day, April 30th.

H^Appy the Day, a Day of wondrous worth,
Which brought to us so glorious a Birth,
Who in the worst of Times did stoutly stand
In the Defence of this most Warlike Land;
Our Churches Darling, and the Papists hate,
For now their Plots are all worn out of date:

The EPILOGUE.

Now to conclude, my prayers are for you all
My Masters, Mistresses, the Great and small;
That first a merry Christmas you may see,
And after that a happy Year may be;

And that the whole Course of your lives may prove,
Increase of Wealth, and happy in your love:
I wish all these may certainly fall out,
So ends my Verses, and my Prayers to boot.

L O N D O N, Printed by Tbo. Moore in Dogwell-Court. 1691.

Rejoyce ye Heavens, and let the Earth be glad,
Quake now proud Rome, for you never had
More need to veil your Face, and blush for shame,
And tremble if you hear great Mary's Name.

On Prince's Ann of Denmarks Birth-day,

Feb. 6.

A^S on this Day a Princess mild,
Into the World was Born,
Who with her Pious Actions doth
This Sinful Land adorn:
She in the worst of Times did stand,
When we thought She had fall
By the Contrivance and the Rage
Of Cruel Jezebel.

To my Masters.

I willing am my Masters for to serve,
And in so doing, hope I may deserve
Your Love and Bounty too, which makes me pray,
That God will still preserve you Night and Day,
And ever Blessings on you still bestow,
To make you happy while you're here below:
And when from Earth you happen to remove,
May you enjoy the Blessings that's above.

To my Mistresses.

M^Y Virtuous Mistresses who always strives
To please their Husbands, and be loving Wives,
What profits do belong to each of you,
Can't be express'd, by all that I can do:
But this I wish that Blessings may attend ye,
And what ye want, God would be pleas'd to lend ye,
And after all the Comforts of a Wife,
You may in Heav'n receive Eternal Life.

On Man's Frailty.

O what is Man but living lump of Earth,
A feast of Worms, a Buble stuff with Breath,
A Vessel full of Grief, but even a Minut,
A painted Tomb, with putrefaction in it:
His Life's an hour of Joy, a World of Sorrow,
His Death a winters Night that finds no Morrow.

An Exhortation to seek after Christ.

A^Rouse from Sleep, and suffer not your Eyes
To take their Rest, till you have put up cries,
That your Beloved may be of you found,
Then happy shall you be thereby, and Crown'd,
When you have gain'd this happy Rest indeed,
You need not hunger, but daily on it feed.